# \$500 In Prizes for Readers of This New York Romance \$500 The Old Jokes' Home.

THE ALARM!

No. 4 of the Prize-Story Series.

# lhe Girl in Green

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Cedil Clermont, militonaire and cotilion leader, falls in love with Edith Penton, a clirarette girl, who reciprocates his affection. Owing to the difference in their social station. Clermont resolves not to let her kind this love. Edith is also loved by an Abarchistic Spaniard named Manuel Laredo, et al. Cedicand tries in vain to kidnan Edith. To make their in the cousin, Gladys Vereker, an heiress, to whom Locil is reported one as companion to Cedi's cousin. Gladys Vereker, an heiress, to whom Locil is reported one of the cousin of the box of the cousin. With the intention of murdering the young man. On entering the Clermont mansion Manuel finds himself in a lighted room.

CHAPTER IX.

ANUEL LAREDO paused momen moniously rushed.

to the light, he saw he was in a blue and gold boudoir. The artistic instinct latent in most members of the Latin ed the acme of luxury and good taste. Above the tiled fireplace hung a fulllength picture of a child.

In the centre of the room, her slippered feet deep-buried in a white fur rug, the curves of her stately figure half-concealed, half-revealed by the folds of a lounging robe of sheer pink silk, her haughty blue eyes fixed in wide amazement on the intruder, stood Gladys Vereker.

doir burst open at midnight by a wildeyed, haggard-faced stranger, woul have promptly shricked for help.

man she trusted to the power of her eye, to the dauntless compelling force of her will, to master him.

calm-eyed, statuesque, unafraid, the man dazzled and fascinated by the tableau before him.

Gladys was the first to break the

had gripped him. spite her courage, . she breathed more easily. His voice was scarcely voice of a madman. In any case

The situation began to promise amuse ment. Her curiosity was piqued. The

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. | recollection seemed to have crept into

his face when he heard her speak. He was looking keenly into her face, studying it with close intentness.

there was a note of something more nearly akin to real affection than any

A heavy knocking at the outer door of the boudoir interrupted her. The old air of disdain returned as she

heard the summons. Laredo sprang back, whipped out his knife and crouched like a wild beast a

"It is you? It is you they seek?" whis pered Gladys, noting his act.

Again the knocking sounded, this tim louder and more imperative. Gladys pointed to a dainty screen about four feet high, standing near the fire

Manuel, like a chased rat, dodged behind it and knelt huddled there, just as Cecil Clermont called: "Gladys! Open the door, please, at

into a window of this house a few minmember of the Clermont household for him. From the description it seems would have believed Gludys capable of. to have been the window of the room The haughty, imperious look, too, was directly behind this. Don't be alarmed, momentarily gone from her face.

If he is still there we'll have no trouble If he is still there we'll have no trouble "How ... you find me?" she asked in overpowering him. I'm sorry to trouble you, but we can only reach the room by going through here."

She stood aside and the trio entered. Passing within a foot of the screen behind which Manuel was hidden, they made for the door of Gladys's bedroom flung it open and rushed in.

"If he'd only been alone! If he'd only come here alone, without those cursed returned to his own room. dogs of the law to protect him!" panted "No one here!" reported the police-man, "but the window's open and the "They are gone," she eadd briefly.

"'Must have heard us and sneaked out "I am not going yet," he replied.

again," grumbled the portly watchman. "There is something I must do first. But That's what comes of not leaving one before I leave this room and start on my man on guard under the window, as I mission tell me how you happen to be

# into a window of this house a few min-utes ago. We're searching every room of Wealthy New Yorker Falls in Love with a Poor Cigarette Girl. Jokes Home was closed yesterday. The

door until the two guardians of the will speak later of that. There is in this peace had left the house and Cecil had house another obstacle that may wreck

Then she closed and locked the door the fugitive between elenched teeth, as and went back to Manuel, who was he heard them pass into the other room. Just emerging from his somewhat un

vines outside are trampled. See, here's "And now how am I to get you safely a footmark on the sill." out of the house?"

your plans. "What ?"

"Edith Fenton!"

"Edith Fenton? My paid companion?

the future, all heaven itself to me." "No. She loves Clermont!"

"Cecil Clermont! Why, I didn't know he had even heard of her existence till

on the bell, her cold blue eyes, with all the force of her imperious, indomitable will blazing behind them, fixed on his blood-shot orbs.

It was a battle of wills. He lowered

"Now, listen to me," she said. "I am fond of you, Manuel, and I would do much for you. But if you stand in my path I will crush you without more compunction than I would crush a snake or a spider. Be reasonable and hear what I have to say: I shall marry Cecil Clermont. As soon after the ceremony as you choose you may kill him. I want his name and I want his for-tune. I do not want HIM. You may have him as soon as he has made me his wife. In reward for postponing your vengeance I will help you win this white-faced little Fenton fool. But I tell you for your consciation that you are mistaken in thinking such a man as Cecil could fall in love with a mere ser-

are mistaken in thinking such a man as continued that you cannot many that the such as the

What has she to do with it? What do you know of her?"

"I love her. She is all the world, all "Well, why not marry her then? She eems a good sort of girl for one in her

blinded me and I only wounded him.

Yesterday he left the hospital and returned to her. I tried to carry her between turned to her. I tried to carry her between a severe headache. Meeting Old yond his reach. I failed. Then I lost from a severe headache. Meeting Old her. I learned her new address. I Dr. Lemonosky, and not suspecting the came here. As I stood outside the house smiling old villain, he described his I saw Clermont at a window. He had symptoms. "You need a tonic; you brought her here. I entered, vowing to kill him. And that vow I shall keep.

That is the one great of the state of the character. The character is the one great of the character. The character is the character That is the one great obstacle of which spoke to you just now. That is the mission I shall fulfil before I leave this administered was extremely stimulating

He had drawn his knife again and sprung to his feet, lashed to a frenzy wineglassful every fifteen minutes. Old of wrath by the recital of his own Dr. Lemonosky seemingly participated, wrongs.

Gladys Vereker faced him, her hand

his gaze at last, baffled, sullen.

As she briefly described what she wished him to do a light of wild triumph glowed in his fierce eyes, a light that boded ill for Cecil Clermont.

(To be continued.)

By Prof. Josh M. A. bong.

## The Merry Inmates Are Treated to a Sensation.

EMBERS of the Society for the came to me for treatment. I treated him, and I did him good!"

The Great Joke Contest for the S. P. C. H. can hardly reconcile itself Pair of Rubbers Offered by Brady to the fact that this great institution. the Old Jokes Home, is closed on Satusday, on account of pay day, every week. But to be closed on a Monday, this was "2 mutch!" as the poet said. What could be the matter? The old Jokes were in a panic. Many of them thought they would have to go to work again. All in all, this unannounced closing of the Home has all New York the kind you can put on over your City feverish and excited. It may or shoes. There is no deception, and who may not get the Democratic National Convention, but it will not brook losing

the Old Jokes Home. Then, what think you, members of the S. P. C. H., when you are informed that the Old Jokes' Home was closed yesterday through the treachery of Old Dr. Lemonosky, the arch-enemy of

"He met her at a ball. He made love to her. I loved her. She flouted me for him. I stabbed him, but my fury of the dastardly attempt: Saturday, as him and I only wounded him. Prof. Josh M. A. Long permitted Dr. that this old joke be awarded the rub-Lemonosky to treat him. The tonic bers: in its effect, and, according to directions, Prof. Josh M. A. Long took a the door to give me a pair of the doc-

> After a while Prof. Josh M. A. Long was seized with a dizziness. His tongue became thick and his articulation difficult. His face flushed, and, in attempting to walk, he staggered, and, saw the man and yelled out "Peninscized with a vertigo, he sank down unconscious in the snow, for he was on thing that looked out the staggered with a staggered with a staggered, and, saw the man and yelled out "Peninscized with a vertigo," The man asked me what that unconscious in the snow, for he was on thing that looked out to saw the same and the same his way to the home when the drug his way to the home when administered by Old Dr. Lemonosky took effect.

> Prof. Josh M. A. Long is dimly conscious of an attempt on the part of Officer Jerry Sullivan and Matron Mary Mushandmilk, of the Home to rouse him. He heard them ask "What's the with."
>
> Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
>
> Here is a remembrance of the paleozoic age. Send me the rubbers forthwith." matter with him?" and then the hoarse voice of Old Dr. Lenonosky replied, "He's paralyzed!" And, as if rejoicing her hands." Said another, "Rub her "He's paralyzed!" And, as it rejoicing the finance. Said another, the finance in the accomplishment of his treachery. face." Said another, "Rub her neck." Old Dr. Lemonsky capered awkwardly Just then the man owning the shoe store put out a sign reading, "Rubber Boots." FRANK MURPHY, 112 Madison street. the praises of a young woman by the name of "Bedalia."

> when the authorities that, not We warn the authorities that, not hontent with his attempt to drug Prof. on a rainy day? Ans. A little over two feet. content with his attempt to drug Prof. Josh M. A. Long, Old Dr. Lemonosky contemplates abduction, for in the course of his song he distinctly stated

and Mahoney, "The Only Rea

Hebrews in Vaudeville." Despite the fact that Prof. Josh M. A. Long was paralyzed, and that the Old Jokes' Home was closed yesterday. the interest in the contest for the pair of real new rubbers continues unabated. Remember, these rubbers are ever sends in the best joke wins them:

## RUBBER JOKES.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long: Please put the rubbers on these. They are injuring my business: "Have you heard the story of the

empty barrel?" "Give it up?"

"There is nothing in it."

"What would you fill this same baring in it?"
"With holes."

No. 215 Main street, New Rochelle.

As a member of the S. P. C. H. I ask

tor's old pants. She said "L guess not; I'm the do

Here is a good one for the rubbers

"While walking down Broadway the other day I saw a fellow looking at the

Black Face Specialty, No. 144 West Twenty-sixth street.

in or around New York will be printed. The reader is asked to tell what this place—a building or other structure—is. The blank spaces given above must be filled with the necessary description. All told, there will be twelve photographs, and all twelve-pictures and blanks-must be sent in in the same envelope addressed to "Girl in Green Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 233, N. Y. City." All answers must be sent by mail to P. O. Box 233. The mail will not be lected from this box until noon of Monday, Jan. 18. Every one whose answer is in then will have an equal chance for the prizes.

Don't Poison Baby.

ORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the BLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregorio, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of optum. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, soma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing optum are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of hat Hitchers

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without hurting the man's feelings The MEDAL and the MAID Great Cast Incl. NEW AMSTERDAM Theatre. Bway. 42d St. to him that while she could never marry him, she appreciated the honor he did Mats. Wed. & Sat. MOTHER GOOSE.

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AND OTIS SKINNER Munhattan Ev. 8.15, Mats Wed. & Sat. STAR THE WAYWARD SON.

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ALMANAC FOR 1806

# BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

101 Prizes in All ......\$500 First Prize...... \$50 Seventy Prizes, each..... Twenty-five Prizes, each ......

A Double Surprise. tarily, dazzled by the quick transition from outer darkness to the blaze of light that illuminated the room into which he had so uncere-

As his eyes quickly grew accustomed

But Gladys Vereker's nerves were tempered like a Damasous blade. The word "fear" was not in her vocabulary A burgler, she knew, would not have rushed thus into her presence, regardless of the danger of awakening the ("But you will not ring the bell,") he hold. If the visitor were a mad-

For an instant the two stood motionless, staring at each other, the woman

tongue and shaking off the spell that ed face.

he meant her no harm.

"This is my boudoir," she went on; concern me, why are you here?"

"if your business in this house does not

No answer. Still that keen, searching gaze as of dawning recognition. "If you are a burglar," she continued

replied in Spanish. Taken unaware, she retorted in the

edge of the language.
But now the light of recognition.

"It can't be! It can't! Impossible! she muttered, still in Spanish."
"You remember then, querida?" he

after a brief pause, "you surely can't imagine that I shall allow you to leave the house in safety. I have only to ring Where Gladys Was to Meet Manuelthis bell and you will be captured." "Pero usted no tocara el timbre same tongue, as he had anticipated:
"Y porque no, prega?" ("And why

by doubt, in Manuel's eyes, seemed t find its answer in Gladys's. Her cheeks paled and she looked piercingly into his haggard, rage-wast-

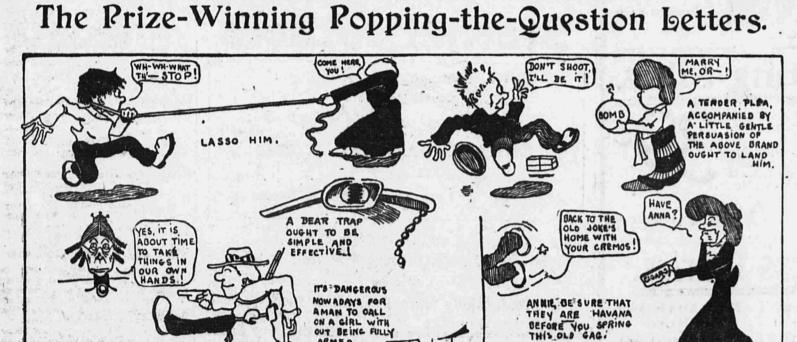
Eyen as she spoke she saw she had been duped into betraying her knowl-Manuel again gripped his knife tightly and prepared for a spring as soon as the ture was lost in the longing for revenge. This time, he vowed, the blow should

> who patrolled that block Gladys started back in well-acted sur-

What is it?

not merely wound.
Gladys meantime crossed to the door. inlocked and threw it open. On the threshold were crowded Cecil. a policeman and the night watchman

prise.
"What does this mean? What is the cried triumphantly, "I knew I could not be mistaken, though, changed as you are, I could not at first be sure. matter?" she exclaimed. It was your voice that made me know." "I don't want to frighten you. Chadys deigned no reply, and the "Manuel Laredo!" she murmured in Gladys," said Cecil, trying vainly to three baffled thief-hunters withdrow.



Artist Rob Thompson Gives His Idea of How This Thing May Be Done in 1904. THE awarding of the prizes in this popping the question series has been by no means an easy matter.

Doubtless the final decision will prove disappointing to many of the contestants, and possibly some among them may question the perfect fairness of the successful and possibly some among them to Pop the Question Most Con-

NO WEDDING

done the best she could do under the sircumstances. Out of the high-heaped mass of letters the three have been se lected which seem most nearly to fulfil the conditions under which the prizes were originally offered. To a young girl "still in her early sens" belongs the honor of suggesting e way of popping the question which earnbluss womanlings with full hap-year privileges. To her, therefore, will go the first prize, while the second

prize will be awarded to a "frank-spoken" man who knows how to make And a married woman who once gracefully accepted an offer now tells her unmarried sisters how to delicately

ARMED.

to Pop the Quation Most Con- \$10 FOR THE BEST LETTER vincingly. The winner, MORRIS A. SPINRAD, No. 341 East Third street, New York City, who wrote this letter: Dear Miss Ayer:

THINK that in a matter so rerious as "popping the question" there should be no hints or insinuations; no roundabout ways of speaking. If I wanted to marry a girl because I loved her I would say to her-without any hesitation or fear apart from the thought that she may refuse me-"Mary, you have grown very lear to me during the time I have known you. an honest, straightforward proposal of I have learned to love you with my marriage. any reserve, if you care for me enough and a married woman who once any reserve, if you care for me enough in return to be my wife?" There it is for unmarried sisters how to delicately an honest, straightforward question requiring an honest, straightforward answer. There are no poetic embellishment opening its opportunities. Whower does the proposing—whether young man or maiden—may each "popping of True love needs no words at all to ex-

from a Woman on the Least Embarrassing Way for a Girl to Pop \$5 FOR THE BEST LETTER the Question During Leap Year. The Winner, Hope Glen Cedars, Newark, N. J., who wrote this letter: Dear Miss Ayer

SHALL endeavor to tell, though still a girl in my early teens, with no prospects of changing my name for years to come, how I should pop the question were the opportunity afforded me in 1904. First, I should make it a point to study the young man concerned from the outset, acquainting myself with his good side as well as his weak side,

HOPE GLEN CEDARS. Newark, N. J.

from Man or Woman on the Most

Delicate Way of Refusing an Offer

Street, Brooklyn, Who Wrote This O refuse a proposal of marriage

is a very difficult task. My advice to a girl in such a case would be to say 

of Marriage. The Winner, Mrs. J. J. MacDonald, No. 622 President BROADWAYTHEATRE, 41st & B'way.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

MAJESTIC B'S AND WELL SALZ OF TANK OF THE PROBLEM OF THE SOTHERN "The Problem of the New York. Best COMERY BY THE PROBLEM OF T

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